



## A NEW SONG CALL'D THE LOYAL LASSES OF CASTLEREA

One day on a fine summer's season,  
I walk'd out to take the fresh air,  
Where lambskins were sporting most pleasing  
And the warblers their notes did display,  
I chance'd for to meet a young female  
Who cause'd me some time to delay  
And she driving her cows to the water  
Convenient to sweet Castlerea,

I stood for a while in amazement,  
In order to view this fair dame,  
She sung for her cows so melodious,  
Whilst they were sproaching the stream.

I thought she was Jaso or Ness  
By chance from Peruasses might stray  
Or Scotia the Heavenly Queen,  
That Manasse from drowning had saved

It was then I accosted this fair one,  
Tho' sick betw' hope and despair,

That if she commiseration,

She'd pity an amorous swain,

For Bupit my heart captivated,

When first I have seen your fair face

And if I dont get you in wedlock

I'll perish in sweet Castlerea,

She answer'd with a smile in her features,

Young man you must have been insatiate,

To think for to marry a female

There's only sixteen again May.

You'll have to consult with my parents,

And shew them your laces and your mealls

And if they'll comply to the bargain,

I'll join you in sweet Castlerea,

There is many a man has no farm,

And still they can nature susten,

The butcher the brewer and baker,

And trade that is to tedious to name,

The trade that I lately adopted

Is dealing through markets and faires

And the stock that I bought in this province,

Is ten-peund percent to my share,

These roving dealers are wasteful

Their mind can never be at ease,

They are covetous hasty and cheating,

In ev'ry bargain they make

I'd rather be wed to a farmer,

That would handle his plough and his spade,

That would till and manure a nice garden

And rouse up the cows for to graze,

My dear I can purchase a farm

My fortune already is made,

We'll get what we want in the market,

The bread milk butter and meat,

I'll do what I can for my darling,

And set up a shop in the square,

And another betw' en the two bridges,

In the center of sweet Castlerea,

F. Bryan, Printg., 11, Exeter, S<sup>t</sup>